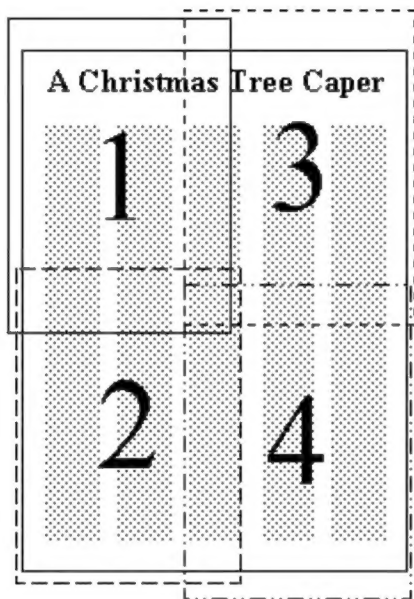


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



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2 P-O-T... C-A-L-L... K-E-T-T-L-E
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HMMM... COULD BE
REDS STALLING - OR
IT COULD BE HOT-
SHOT'S IDEA OF
SNAPPY REPARTEE!

LEE TO 'BLUE BULL ONE'... ANSWER
FROM MY SUSPECT INDECISIVE. TRY IT
ON YOURS. HERE IS QUESTION...



OPEN HOUSE

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

I PARKED my car in front of the brilliantly lighted high school building and turned off the ignition.

Cindy, my 14-year-old daughter, opened the door on her side. "Try to smile, Daddy," she said. "It won't be at all painful."

Hand in hand we walked up to the entrance. "When I was your age," I said, "I didn't care a hoot one way or the other whether my parents attended Open House Night or not."

"I want to show you off, Daddy, because you're so handsome and graying at the temples. Besides, it's your duty to check on what kind of an education I'm getting so you'll be in favor of increasing teachers' salaries and all that."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "My duty."

"Especially since you got the job of bringing me up after mother died. You wouldn't want me to turn into a juvenile delinquent, would you?"

"I'll have to think that over," I said. "I might regard it as a promotion."

Inside the corridors were teeming with students and their parents touring the building. Our first visit was to Cindy's Algebra teacher who assured me that Cindy was doing fine indeed in that subject. I had similar indeed reassurances from her Biology and Civics teachers.

LOST PARENTS

On the second floor we came across Freddy Adams lounging against the wall next to a bubbler.

"Well, Freddy," I said. "I suppose your parents are around

"Cindy says you sit at home every evening, all alone and staring at the walls."

"Not exactly. Once in a while I sigh."

The three of us went up to the third floor and stopped at room 316. "This is my Home Economics classroom," Cindy said.

She stopped me just inside the doorway. "Let's wait until those other people are gone."

I studied my daughter for a few moments and then looked at the group of students and parents clustered around a table of cakes and coffee.

"The one they're all talking to is Miss Newton," Cindy said. "She teaches cooking and her first name is Doris."

Doris Newton had light brown hair and gray eyes that indicated a lightly controlled sense of humor.

"She's about 28," Cindy said. "Even-tempered and understanding, thrifty and hard-working."

I tilted my head doubtfully. "Looks a little frail for field work."

When Miss Newton was alone, Cindy led me forward. "This is my father," she said. "Everybody anywhere near his age calls him Jimmy."

"I walk down the street minding my own business and everybody says, 'Hi, Jimmy!'" I said. "It's driving me crazy."

"Now, daddy," Cindy said. "Restrain yourself."

"Mighty nippy for this time of year," I said.

Miss Newton

five seconds. "I think it can be arranged."

Cindy blinked her way out of shock. "This is ridiculous," she said.

I lifted an eyebrow in surprise. "This is what you wanted, isn't it, Cindy?"

"Sure," she said, her voice squeaking. "But not so fast."

Freddy remembered his cake and resumed eating.

"We'll pack Cindy off to a boarding school of some kind," I said. "Then you and I can be alone, Doris."

"Don't stand there just eating, Freddy!" Cindy wailed. "Do something!"

"Right," Freddy said. "I'll get some coffee."

Cindy closed her eyes. "I'm going out into the hall and walk back and forth for a while."

Freddy followed her carrying two paper cups of coffee.

When they were gone, there was considerable silence while Miss Newton rearranged things on the table.

COFFEE AND CAKES

I cleared my throat. "I thought it might be a good idea to give her a little scare. Cindy's been trying to marry me off ever since she learned to talk."

"I know exactly what you mean," Miss Newton said. She surveyed the table and appeared satisfied. "Nevertheless, do you realize that I have two weaknesses to a proposal. Suppose I decide to be a trouble-maker?"

"I'll fight it all the way up to the Supreme Court."

"Don't get panicky. It was just an idea."

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"Well, Freddy," I said. "I suppose your parents are around here somewhere?"

"Sure," he said cheerfully. "But I think they're lost."

"Don't worry so about it, Freddy," I said. "They probably can find their way home."

"Have you taken him up there?" Freddy asked Cindy, indicating the door above with his thumb.

"I'm saving that for last, naturally," Cindy said.

Freddy withdrew his support from the wall. "I'll go along with you. I hear she's serving cake and coffee."

"You're just being nosy," Cindy said. "I could tell you all about it later."

"I want to be in on the kill, so to speak," Freddy looked at me sympathetically.

"But remember, Mr. Harris, it wasn't my idea. I say live and let live."

I felt the impulse to scratch my head. "I think I missed a page somewhere."

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"Mighty nippy for this time of year," I said.

Miss Newton suppressed her grin. "Yep. Wonder what it'll be like tomorrow."

"Warmer, but humid," I said. "I have rheumatism and I can tell."

"Now, really!" Cindy said. She turned to Miss Newton. "Daddy's in his middle 30s, but he's in remarkably good condition."

Freddy tried the chocolate cake. "You're not doing so good, Cindy."

"Miss Newton," I said. "I have the sneaking suspicion that Cindy arranged this meeting for a definite purpose."

"Quite," Miss Newton said. "Without the slightest provocation she's been telling me all about you. Shall we skip the tedious preliminaries and get to the point immediately?"

"Of course," I said. "I put my hat over my heart. 'Miss Newton, will you do me the honor to marry me?'"

She pursed her lips and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling for

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Miss Newton reached for her handkerchief and sniffled slightly. "I suppose it is the wisest..." Then she stopped. She looked me over carefully and began a slow smile.

"Please," I said. "Finish that sentence."

"I think Cindy and I would get along wonderfully," Miss Newton said. She put away her handkerchief. "Supreme Court, you said?"

I looked around the room for some words and met Freddy's eyes.

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BRENDA STARR





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permission to take Cindy home in that strange car of yours. I'm taking Miss Newton home in mine and we want to be alone so that we can have a serious disagreement."

I gave it a try that evening. Not a good try, of course. Just an ordinary run-of-the-mill try. I wanted it to go in the records that I went down fighting, even if I did have a pleased smile on my face.

THE END

***** YOUR *****

STARS TODAY

BY CONSTELLA

"There is always a moment in the pyramid of our lives when the apex is reached."

—Nion de Leneolos.

Daily Guide—The planetary pattern is so complicated right now that anything can happen! Some decision on world affairs ought to be in the making, but there is no clear picture. Confusion and some deceit ought to be guarded against in general. Keep your own thinking straight.

Unfortunately, many of the world leaders are under these complicated aspects because they have birthdays in the third week of April, January, July or October. If your birthday falls in these months, you, too, should be on guard against emotional involvement and snap judgment. Those with birthdays around June 16 and Feb. 14 are better off, it would seem, and are urged to act as peacemakers wherever possible.

Happy Birthday, Cancer! Things should be shaping up now for a showdown of some kind in your domestic affairs unless you have already experienced such a crisis

Steer Child Into Bedtime Contentment

By GLADYS BEVANS

Although certain ideas may prevail about the sleeping habits of babies in general—such as, that they sleep most of the day when young—the fact of the matter is that babies vary a great deal in when and how much they sleep, both night and nap-times.

We've talked about this previously, so today I want to go on to the little boy and girl they so soon become, and see what we can do to encourage sleeping habits which are an asset to their health and serenity, not to mention those of their loving parents! For sleep-troubles can wreck an adult's evening.

First, although a certain amount of routine and regularity are good, they won't be the same for every child. For instance, some children give up their naps earlier, even years earlier, than others. Some children go to sleep soon after they are settled for the night; others stay awake for varying periods, sometimes calling out "Mommy" or "Daddy" at intervals, sometimes singing themselves to sleep or even talking to themselves.

Habit Persists

This staying-awake habit persists with some boys and girls even when they are much older. Having done your best, don't expect your child to sleep or go

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Happy Birthday, Cancer! Things should be shaping up now for a showdown of some kind in your domestic affairs unless you have already experienced such a crisis in the past few years. This may be the time to assert your independence completely.
If you are wondering when all the issues which have been critical for you recently are going to be solved, you can hope that this year will bring things into focus so you can get the whole picture clearer.

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Habit Persists
This staying-awake habit persists with some boys and girls even when they are much older. Having done your best, don't expect your child to sleep or go to sleep according to something you've been told or read in a book, or as your neighbor's child does.
Second, from the beginning, recognize that one of the best ways of encouraging good sleeping-habits consists of making going-to-bed a happy, cozy, friendly time. If bedtime for your child or children happens to be a very busy time for you, maybe you can't draw it out as you'd like, with a story or a song or a chat; but you can and should manage this end of the day so that your boy or girl says good-night to you with a feeling of contentment and of being loved.
You can convey this to your child, if you will just put your mind on it and your heart into it, for this short time.

Small children require imagination and understanding from you. You and Your Young Child is a booklet helpful in this way. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for your copy. Address Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

